

# PROJECT PAPERS

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YUKI HARTMAN

## POEM

A poor speller's accomplishment in the linguistic fields  
Of that tongue, frequent erasures and changes to show  
A decisive handicap in written examinations  
A clear-cut early reading disability  
The subsequent choice of wrong diphthongs and phonograms  
"Seems that it wasn't right but couldn't see what's wrong with it"  
The phonetic values of the letters of the alphabet  
Misplaced as the audible range of silent skills  
Sit quietly through a fairly long drill practice  
With excellent attention: What explodes the mute heart.

SUSAN CATALDO

## THE NIGHT SHIFT

It's daylight in the clouds  
over a misty sleeping City  
This place, this space  
is high & wet & lost  
to the yawning faces  
of workers yet risen  
but beginning to stir  
Tired eyes & brains  
with vague memories  
of midnight man terminals  
Phones, typewriters,  
the whole mishagas is  
temporary, still, at 6:00  
a.m., where I am  
at the end of the night

shifting to day  
Dreams of changeable skies  
await display on the  
internal terminal screen  
They interface downward  
like a kite  
I call them up  
They answer  
The index is endless  
The capacity to store new  
information, at least for today,  
is limitless, although someday  
it may all get damaged or lost  
with no hope of recovery  
I'm beyond *user friendly*,  
a silhouette in a polaroid-blue screen  
The answer to tomorrow's confusion:  
for you to know it  
The final victory for humanity:  
to design a microchip of our minds  
The sad truth:  
the word processor doesn't even know  
its own name.

## JANUARY VACATIONS

Three days of low energy  
No energy, friend,  
Has more to do with weather  
Than we guess  
More snow?  
When?  
and how much?  
What else have we accomplished  
this week?  
Accomplishments are fleeting  
like the days  
Nothing stays  
Sometimes that's horrible  
Sometimes,  
well you know  
sometimes things pass too quickly by us  
and we have regrets

(One should never regret  
a vacation no matter how big  
a hole it leaves in the purse)  
So what was I thinking anyway  
before, when I felt maybe  
I had made a mistake  
in taking off for so long  
I was bored for awhile  
All life is dormant now  
So why expect to be  
more fantastic than any tree  
who's nobility transcends  
any needs to do better  
but merely accepts  
the cycles of change  
with grace  
Just get some sleep  
There are icicles on the fire  
escape steps and they are beautiful